

THE EXAMINER.

VOLUME III.

LOUISVILLE KY.: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 20.

THE EXAMINER;
Published Weekly, on Jefferson St., next door but one
to the Post Office.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
SIX COPIES FOR TEN DOLLARS.
PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

From the National Era.
Number of slaveholders in the United States.
No census has ever given us the number
of slaveholders. We hear and see and feel
so much of their power, that we are apt to
conform them with the white population
of the South. It is one of our popular delu-
sions, that every Southerner is the owner
of slaves, whereas, in fact, the people who
are forever threatening to dissolve the
Union, and permitted to govern it, are a
very small indeed minority.

In "An Address to the Non-Slaveholders
of the South," published a few years since,
there was a long array of arguments and
statistics, to prove that, each master could
not, on an average, hold less than ten slaves.
Of course, on this average, the slave popu-
lation, divided by ten, would give the num-
ber of owners, viz: 248,771. This num-
ber, deducted from the white males over
20 years old, in the slave States and Terri-
tories, viz: 1,016,307, would give us 767,
595 adult white non-slaveholders.

A fact has recently come to light, that
most conclusively proves that this supposed
average of ten slaves to the master is very
far below the true number. It seems there
was a census taken (1848) in Kentucky of
voters, slaves, and slaveholders. Mr. Un-
derwood of that State, in a recent speech
published in the New York Express, gives
the number of voters as 139,612; of slaves,
192,470; and of slaveholders, 8,743; be-
ing an average of more than 22 slaves to
each master. Now, let it be recollected,
that the slaves are necessarily less concen-
trated upon Kentucky farms, than they are
upon the large cotton and sugar plantations
of the more southern States. It is well
known that the great plantations hold from
100 to 2,000 slaves. A letter, lately pub-
lished in the newspapers, from the Parish
of Ascension, Louisiana, giving an account
of the ravages of the cholera in the neigh-
borhood, says: "Mr. Fish has lost 20 ne-
groes, Kenner 31, Deile 40, Minor 66,
Colonel Bibb has lost 70, Bishop Polk 64." But
applying even the Kentucky ratio,
which is obviously too small, to the whole
slave region, the result is astounding. The
whole number of slaves—men, women,
and children—were, by the last census,
2,487,771. This number, divided by 22,
gives 113,077 as the sum total of the slave-
holders in the United States. Beyond all
question, this is an exaggerated estimate.

We are now qualified to judge of the ac-
curacy of the reports made by the slave-
holders themselves of their number.

Mr. Horace Mann, in a speech, June
30, 1848, in the House of Representatives,
observed: "I have seen the number of ac-
tual slaveholders variously estimated, but
the highest estimate I have ever seen, is
three hundred thousand." He was here in-
terrupted by Mr. Gayle of Alabama:—"If
the gentleman from Massachusetts has been
informed that the number of slaveholders
is only 300,000, then I will tell him his
information is utterly false."

Mr. Mann—"Will the gentleman tell
us how many there are?"

Mr. Gayle—"Ten times as many."
Ten times 300,000 being 3,000,000,
there were, according to the gentleman
from Alabama, more slaveholders than
slaves! Mr. Meade, of Virginia, seeing
the awkward position in which Mr. Gayle
had placed himself, came to his relief by
re-marking—"When father or mother owned
slaves, they were considered the joint prop-
erty of the family; and that, including
the grown and the young, there were about
three millions interested in slave property."
Thus was it attempted to neutralize one ab-
surdity by another. Allowing on an aver-
age, six persons to a family, the slavehold-
ers, their wives and children, cannot, in the
aggregate, exceed 600,000, not the slave-
holding voters, 100,000!

This small but powerful aristocracy wield
the political authority of the States in which
they reside; and this they do, not only
through their wealth and superior education,
but by making the masses believe that, by
protecting and perpetuating slavery, they
are promoting the common good. Accord-
ing to Mr. Underwood, in Kentucky there
are a majority of 130,867 non-slaveholding
voters yet at the recent election, most of
these men were persuaded by the "Lords
of the Lash" to go for electing slavery.

It is obvious that the power of the mas-
ters rests wholly upon the ignorance and
subserviency of the non-slaveholders.—
Hence the wrath and trepidation manifested
by these masters, whenever an attempt is
made to enlighten the masses as to the in-
fluence of slavery on their interests. Some
years ago, the New Orleans papers an-
nounced that 500 copies of an address to
the non-slaveholders had been received at
the Post Office in that city, but instead
of being delivered to the persons to whom
they were addressed, they were BURNED!

Mr. Barrett has recently been arrested in
South Carolina, and is now in prison. His
sole offence, and the only one of which he
is accused, is that of having deposited in
the Post Office, sealed wrappers, addressed
to certain white citizens, containing a prin-
ted tract, written by a native of the State,
and virtually addressed to the non-slave-
holders of South Carolina. This tract
points out various provisions in the State
Constitution which it contends were con-
trived to give a political preponderance to
the owners of slaves. It shows that the
representation of the several counties in the
Legislature is apportioned according to the
slave and not to the white population.—
Thus it appears, from the tables given, that
the two plantation districts of Georgetown
and Beaufort, containing 7,743 whites and
45,673 slaves, have together 6 senators and
10 representatives, while the district of
Spartanburg, having 17,924 whites, and
only 5,687 slaves, has but 1 senator and 5
representatives. In this manner, care is
taken to give the few slaveholders more
representatives than the many non-slavehold-
ers.

To such an extent is this system carried,
that less than one-third of the free
white population elect a majority of the
members of both Houses of the Legislature!
The tract also shows that the property qual-

ification for a seat in the Legislature is vir-
tually an exclusion of non-slaveholders.
No man can be elected to the lower House,
unless he possesses real estate worth \$700,
clear of debt, or 500 acres of land, and
TEN NEGROES! To be a Senator requires
double the amount of real estate. The Le-
gislature being thus secured to the slavehold-
ers, that body appoints the whole judic-
iary, including Justices of the Peace, and
also the Presidential Electors; and to per-
petuate this monopoly of slaveholding pow-
er, no alteration can be made in the Con-
stitution but with the consent of two-thirds
of two successive Legislatures. The writ-
ter proposes a voluntary Convention to
form a new Constitution to be submitted to
the Legislature. Not a word is said against
Slavery as unjust or immoral, but its perni-
cious influence upon the poor whites is
pointed out, and its extension to the new
Territories, to which the poor whites are
flocking, is deprecated.

For putting this tract into the Post Office,
under blank covers, addressed to white citi-
zens, Mr. Barrett is treated as a felon, and
denounced as "an incendiary Abolitionist,"
and, as we learn from a South Carolina
journal, is liable to "twelve months im-
prisonment and one thousand dollars fine." Nay, we are assured, "there is more than
a possibility that Barrett may be indicted
for an offence, the penalty of which is
DEATH, without benefit of clergy, and ac-
cordingly, if convicted, all the Abolition-
ists in the United States cannot save him."

We see in these efforts of the slavehold-
ers to keep their indigent fellow-citizens in
ignorance of the wrongs they suffer, and of
the rights to which they are entitled, and to
punish whoever would enlighten them, a
disposition as jealous and as heartless as any
known in the Old World.

Our 100,000 slaveholders are now threat-
ening 20,000,000 of people with rebellion
and civil war, if forbidden to establish, over
vast regions of the American continent now
free, the system of white suffrage, with a
landed aristocracy, with which South Caro-
lina is cursed. To their insolent and in-
quisitive demand, the Wilnot Province in-
terposes a stern denial. But multitudes of
Southern citizens, recent to their own re-
publican professions, are devising how they
may co-operate with the champions of hu-
man bondage, in preventing the enactment
of the Provision. Many of the Whig lead-
ers, fearful of offending their Southern
allies, are heaping contempt upon the Provision,
calling it "an abstraction," and denounc-
ing those who insist upon it, as a faction!

The Hunker Democracy, in the face of
the world, unblushingly avow that they can-
not consent to divide the party, and thus
sacrifice their expectations of power and
enrichment, merely to secure the future lib-
erty and happiness of New Mexico and
California. Never since the birthday of
the Republic has any great political asso-
ciation been actuated by more generous and
disinterested motives, or proposed a more
noble end, than the FREE SOIL PARTY.

For this party, are reserved the plaudits,
and for the Northern mercenaries of the
Southern aristocracy, the reprobation, of
unborn generations.

A. B.
August, 1849.

Military Glory.

Let me not disguise the truth. It is too
true that this is still cherished by mankind
that it is still an object of regard and
ambition—that men follow war, and count its
pursuit "honorable"—that the feats of brute
force in battle are pronounced "brilliant"—
and that a yet prevailing public opinion
animates unreflecting and mistaken mortals
to "seek the bubble reputation" even in the
cannon's mouth. It is too true, that na-
tions persevere in offering praise and thank-
sgiving—such as no labors of Beneficence
can achieve—to the chief whose hands are
red with the blood of his fellow-men.

But whatever may be the usage of the
world, whether during the long and dreary
Past, or in the yet barbarous Present, it
must be clear to all who are willing to con-
front this question with candor, and in the
light of unquestioned principles and exam-
ples, that all "glory," won in bloody strife
among God's children, must be fugitive,
evanescent, unreal; unstable as water,
worthless as ashes. It is the offspring of a
deluded public sentiment, and must cer-
tainly disappear, as men learn to analyze
its elements and to appreciate its true char-
acter. Too long, indeed, has mankind
worshipped what St. Augustine called the
splendid vices, neglecting the simple vir-
tues. Too long has mankind cultivated the
flourishing and noxious weeds, careless of
the golden corn which produces the bread of
life. Too long has mankind been
insensible to those Christian precepts, and
—this high example, which, whatever may
be the apologies of self-interest, refute all
the pretensions of military glory.

Look for one moment at this "glory."—
Analyze it in the growing light which is
shed by the lamps of history. Regarding
war as an established arbitrament, for the
adjudication of controversies among na-
tions—like the petty wars of an earlier
period between cities, principalities, and
provinces, and the trial by battle between
individuals—the conclusion is irresistible,
that an enlightened civilization must con-
demn all the partakers in its duels, and
all their vaunted achievements, precisely
as we now condemn all the partakers in
those miserable contests which disgrace the
commencement of modern history.—
The prowess of the individual is all for-
gotten in unutterable disgust at the inglori-
ous barbarism of the strife in which it was
displayed.

Observe yet again this "glory," in the
broad illumination of Christian truth. In
all ages, even in heathen lands, men have
looked with peculiar reverence upon the
relation of brotherhood. Feuds among
brothers, from that earliest mutual murder-
ing contest beneath the walls of Thebes,
have been accounted dismal and abhorred,
never to be mentioned without condemna-
tion and aversion. This same sentiment
was revived in modern times, and men
sought to extend the holy circle of its in-
fluence. According to curious and savage
custom, valiant knights, desirous of associ-
ating in this sacred connection, voluntarily
caused themselves to be bled together, that
the blood of each other, as it spirted from
the veins, might intermingle, and thus con-
stitute them of one blood. In the same
spirit, an emperor of Constantinople, and
one of the crusading kings, confirmed an
alliance of friendship—being bled togeth-

er, and giving to each other to drink of their
blood, in token of brotherhood, while the
attendants of each, following the example
of their masters, also bled each other, and
pouring their blood into the wine-cup, drank
a mutual pledge, saying: "We are brothers
of one blood."

Alas! by such profane and superfluous
devices have men, in their barbarism,
sought to establish that relation of brother-
hood, whose beauty and holiness they per-
ceived, though they failed to discern that,
by the ordinance of God, without any hu-
man stratagem, it justly comprehended all
their fellow-men. In the midst of Juda-
ism, which hated all nations, Christianity
proclaimed love to all mankind, and dis-
tinctly declared that God had made of one
blood all the nations of men. And, as if
to keep this sublime truth ever present to
the mind, the disciples were taught, in the
simple prayer of the Savior, to address
God as their Father in Heaven—not in
phrase of exclusive worship, "my Father,"
but in those other words of high Christian
import, "Our Father," with the petition
not merely to "forgive me my trespasses,"
but with a diviner prayer to "forgive us
our trespasses"—thus, in the solitude of the
closet, recognising all alike as children of
God, and embracing all alike in the peti-
tion of prayer.

Confessing the brotherhood of mankind,
we find at once a divine standard, of un-
questionable accuracy and applicability, by
which to estimate the achievements of bat-
tle. No brother can win "glory" from the
death of a brother. Cain won no "glory"
when he slew Abel; nor would Abel have
won "glory," had he, in the exercise of
strict self-defence, succeeded in slaying the
wicked Cain. The soil recoils in horror
from the thought of praise or honor, as the
need of any such melancholy, hateful suc-
cess. And what is true of a contest be-
tween two brothers, is equally true of a
contest between many. No army can win
"glory" by dealing death or defeat to an
army of its brothers.

The ancient Romans, ignorant of this
sacred and most comprehensive relation,
and recognizing only the exclusive fellow-
ship which springs from a common country,
accounted civil war as fratricide. They
branded the opposing forces, even under
well-loved names in the Republic, as im-
pious, and constantly refused "honor,"
"thanksgiving," or "triumph," to the con-
quering chief whose sword had been em-
ployed against his fellow-citizens, even
though traitors and rebels. As the brother-
hood of mankind—now professed by
Christian lips—becomes practically recog-
nized, it will be impossible to restrain our
regard within the exclusive circle of coun-
try, and to establish an unchristian distinc-
tion of honor between civil war and inter-
national war. As all men are brothers,
so, by irresistible consequence, all war
must be fratricidal. And can "glory" be
derived from fratricide? No, no. In the
clear light of Christian truth, shame and
sorrow must attend it; nor can any war, un-
der whatever apology of necessity it may
be vindicated, be justly made the occasion
of "honor," of "thanksgiving," or of "tri-
umph." Surely none can hesitate in this
conclusion, who are not fatally imbued
with the heathen rage of nationality; that
made the Venetians say, "they were Venetians
first, and Christians afterwards."

Tell me not, then, of the homage which
the world yet offers to the military chief.
Tell me not of the "glory" of war. Tell
me not of the "honor" or "fame" that is
won on its murderous fields. All vanity.
It is a blood-red phantom, sure to fade
and disappear. They who strive after it, like
a cloud, embrace a cloud. Though seeming
for a while to fill the heavens, cloaking the
stars, it must, like the vapors of earth, soon
pass away. Milton has likened the early
contests of the Heptarchy to the skirmishes
of crows and kites; but God, and the ex-
alted Christianity of the Future, shall re-
gard all the bloody feuds of men in the
same likeness; and Napoleon, and Alexan-
der, so far as they were engaged in war,
shall seem to be monstrous crows and kites.
Thus shall it be, as mankind ascend from
the thrall of brutish passions by which they
are yet degraded. Nobler aims, by nobler
means, shall fill the soul. A new standard
of excellence shall prevail; and honor,
divorced from all deeds of blood, shall be-
come the inseparable attendant of good
works alone. Far better, then, shall it be,
even in the judgment of this world, to
have been a door-keeper in the house of
Peace; than the proudest dweller in the
tents of War.

There is a legend of the early Church,
that the Savior left his image miraculously
impressed upon a napkin which he placed
upon his countenance. The napkin has
been lost, and men now attempt to portray
that countenance from the Hebraean model
of Jupiter and Apollo. But the image of
Christ is not lost to the world. Clearer
than in the precious napkin, clearer than
in the colors of the marble of modern art,
it appears in every virtuous deed, in every
act of self-sacrifice, in all magnanimous
toil, in every recognition of the Brother-
hood of Mankind. It shall yet be supreme,
manifest in unimagined loveliness and
serenity, when the Commonwealth of Na-
tions, confessing the True Grandeur of
Peace, shall renounce the wickedness of
the War System, and shall dedicate to la-
bors of Beneficence all the comprehensive
energies which have been so fatally absor-
bed in its support. Then, at last, shall it
have been seen, that there can be no Peace
that is not honorable, and there can be no
War that is not dishonorable.—Charles
Sumner.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—Rev. Mr. Choules
in an address on Agricultural subjects,
says:

"I wish that we could create a general
passion for Gardening and Horticulture;
we want more beauty about our houses.—
The scenes of our childhood are the mem-
ories of our future years. Let our dwellings
be beautiful with plants and flowers.—
Flowers are, in the language of a late cul-
turator, 'the playthings of childhood and
the ornaments of the grave; they raise smil-
ing looks to man and grateful ones to
God.'"

Every criticism should spring from be-
nevolent feelings, the love of truth, and
the desire of conducting to perfection the tal-
ents upon which it is exercised.—Schadow.

Successful Female Industry.
The following interesting article was
handed to us, without her knowledge, by a
friend of Mrs. E. C. BEMAN, to be pub-
lished in *The Home Journal* as an adver-
tisement; but our knowledge of many of
the facts in the article, and the interest
which every one must feel in successful fe-
male industry and perseverance under great
hardships, induce us to give it place in our
reading column.

THIRTY—Which is, being interpreted,
"Thy Key to Prosperity."
T—TEMPERANCE.
H—HONESTY.
I—INDUSTRY.
K—KNOWLEDGE.
E—EVANGLISM.

It was in the winter of '43 and '44, nearly
six years ago, that the mother of three
helpless little children might be occasion-
ally seen of a cold wet evening wending
her cheerless way from Ducker's grocery,
on the corner of Ann and Nassau streets,
one hand carrying a bundle of anthracite
coal, and in the other a pot of oil. The
coal was to warm a baby, thinly, too thin-
ly, clad in cotton; while the oil was to shed
a feeble light upon weary styes, taken in
suddenness, long after slumber had closed the
eyes of the hundreds of thousands of hap-
py citizens, who had finished their day's
labor, and forgotten its cares. A dozen or
two of cheap stockings, had a dozen cheap-
er suspenders, and a few other light articles,
comprising a total stock in trade nearly
fifteen dollars' value, entitled the rent half
of a room, partitioned in the middle, to the
dignity of being called a "store." The
other half of the same room was at once
the parlor, kitchen, bed-room, dining room,
and library (for it contained a Bible and
dictionary), and in it could be discovered
well nigh half a cart-load of furniture,
worth altogether not much short of forty
dollars. The room, 129 Nassau street, was
rented in October '43, and on quarter day,
the first of February, 1844, a kind friend
in New Jersey, whose memory will be
fondly cherished by her children's children,
had, in hopeless compassion, paid the moth-
er's rent, and against the advice of the
well-meaning landlord, consented to be-
come security for the ensuing year. This
clothing, lighter food, great exposure, con-
stant vigilance, and crushing anxiety, at
length did their work, and brought upon
her a dreadful fit of sickness, accompanied
with loss of reason, and distress no easy to
conceive and impossible to describe, al-
though there are many living witnesses to
attest its fearful reality. Long did she
linger, and weeks of anxious suffering
passed, and with the opening spring health
slowly returned. The "KEY" was neces-
sarily used, and the more it was used the
brighter it grew. The cup of misery had
been drained to the very dregs. One suc-
cessful event now followed another, in sim-
ple obedience to "THIRTY." Let others
profit by the example, and adopt the motto.

In '43 and '44 it is doubtful if Mrs. Be-
man, to save herself from starvation (which
she came quite too near), could have got
credit, in all New York, for the amount of
five dollars. *Tempora mutati sunt.* In
1849 Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR very hand-
somer gave her a five years' lease of No. 1,
Astor House, on her own individual se-
curity, which is amply sufficient to pur-
chase merchandise on credit to any desired
amount. Mrs. BEMAN's manufactory of
shirts, collars, dressing-gowns, &c., is at 13
Beekman street, which communicates with
the headquarters, 134 Nassau street. This
she communicates with 132 Nassau, which is
used for her laundry. She employs con-
stantly over four hundred seamstresses, and
under her order book are the names of more
than four thousand regular customers, whom
she will always be pleased to see at No. 1,
Astor House.

N. B.—Any editors who may be pleased
to publish the above are respectfully re-
quested to send a copy of the paper contain-
ing it to Mrs. E. C. BEMAN, Astor House,
New York.

The First Methodist Meeting House in America.
A RELIC OF OLDEN TIMES.—A book
of "Church Architecture," recently pub-
lished in London, contains the following
interesting notice of the first Methodist
meeting house in America.

"The first Methodist meeting house in
America was a log hut; but subsequently,
through the interest of Captain Webb, a
piece of ground was procured upon Golden
Hill, a rising ground near the borders of
New York; now named John street. Ma-
terials were purchased and contracts enter-
ed into, in the names of those persons who
joined with Capt. Webb in the undertaking.
The building was 60 feet long by 42 feet
wide. It was opened on the 30th of Octo-
ber, 1768, by Mr. Embury, who, being by
trade a carpenter, had himself constructed
the pulpit from which he preached. It had
an area in front of about 30 feet square,
separated from the street by a wooden
fence. There were three square headed
windows surmounted by a circular one,
near the roof, below which was an arched
door, and subsequently side entrances by
steps to the galleries. In order to reach
the galleries when first erected, it was
necessary to mount by a ladder and then sit
upon platforms, and for a long time bench-
es only with backs were provided below.
Such was the construction of the first Meth-
odist Chapel in the Western world."

Mrs. Judson.
N. P. Willis, notices the recent illness
of Mrs. Judson, the missionary, in the fol-
lowing beautiful and touching manner:

"That the constitution of this sweet child
of genius was of consumptive tendency we
knew; but had confidently hoped that the
change of climate, and the air of a warmer
latitude would have the beneficial effect
which they often do, and give her better
health than she had hitherto known. If
she die there, her grave will be well placed,
in a path of duty; but there are those here
to whom a certainty of not seeing her again
in this world will be heavy to bear. Her
day will have been bright and brief, but it
pre-sets with a rosy promise of a still fairer
tomorrow; for the light of a soul like hers
sends its brightness down like, before her
into heaven. It is short sighted to mourn
over the pure spirit's descent below the ho-
rizon of the grave, when we know that, as
the light pales on this side of that dark lid-
le to our vision, it kindles on the other side,
in the glowing welcome of angels."

The Edinburgh School.
A parent came one day to the school,
expressly to be satisfied on the puzzle, as
he said, it was to him, how a schoolmaster
could render himself the object of love!
His own was always the object of terror;
and, instead of running to him when he ap-
peared, he and his schoolmates went off in
the opposite direction, with the greatest
alertness. He's boy, he said, runs to the
master whenever he sees him, and is proud
to come home and tell that he has shaken
hands with Mr. Wright, of whom, as well
as Mrs. Wright, and Maggy (the latter a
worthy of three years old, the master's
child, who sets an example to the whole
school) he never ceases to speak.

Mr. Wright requested the inquirer to re-
main, and see how he treated his scholars.
He did so, and witnessed the kindness, the
cheerfulness, and the fun which never flags,
while he saw discipline and obedience at
the same time. The children went to the
play-ground, and to the amusements of the
vacation, the teacher ran out, crying, "Hare
and bounds! hare and bounds!" taking the
first character on himself, he was instantly
pursued full cry by the whole pack, round
and round the play-ground—at last he was
taken, and worried by an immense set of
cooperation. In his extremity, he rang
his hand-bell for school; instantly the
hounds quitted their prey, rushed into
school, the door being scarcely wide enough
for them, and were within a minute as still
as a rank of soldiers, seated in their gal-
lery, and busy with the multiplication ta-
ble. The visitor went away, with a shrug,
muttering, "Na, the like o' that I ne'er
saw!"

Many pages might be filled with anec-
dotes illustrative of the beneficial effects
of the system in preventing the numerous fears,
follies, envyings, discontents, and prejudi-
ces, which render the lower classes so in-
tractable. The superstitious fears of ghosts,
witches, &c., is practically removed. A
person informed Mr. Wright, that as he
was crossing a churchyard, not without the
habitual dread which, from his youth, he
could not separate from the place, he met
a little girl of five years old marching
through all alone. "Was not afraid?"
"Not a bit; we learn at the Infant School
that ghosts and all that is nonsense." All
dirty, gross, destructive, selfish, and in-
solent habits are proscribed, and carefully
prevented; and, above all, *whiskey* is held
up as the greatest of curses to society, and
many a lesson is taught of its effects on
both mind and body. The children heard
with much indignation, of a crowd in the
street, insulting a poor Turk—of some boys
who teased an idiot—of the mob breaking
windows on occasion of the illumination—
and of the people maltreating the Doctors
for their kindness in trying to cure the
Cholera.

N. B.—It is unnecessary to give exam-
ples of the effect of Intellectual Practice,
as there is less novelty in children being
trained to acuteness and sagacity; and much
of this is capable of exhibition to the pub-
lic, which is not possible on set occasions,
with proofs of moral advancement. The
results in this department, it may, however,
be mentioned, are most satisfactory.

From the Boston Chronicle.

Boston as it was, is, and will be.

People are disturbed somewhat with the
changes the old town has experienced, and
which are rapidly coming upon it. The
immigrant population seems to them to have
carried it by storm, and is making daily
deeper inroads upon it. This population
we are told threatens to eat us up alive.
How is all this? How explain changes?
I find the whole solution of the problem in
the natives, in the town and city born peo-
ple. It is an active, go ahead, restless
folk, that are born and brought up here.
They are not long at heart's ease. Some-
times next and else, is always ahead of the
present. See the illustration. Old Fort
Hill—Pearl, Atkinson, Federal, Milk
streets, &c., were a few days ago the court
and of the town. There were palaces in
them all, and "merchants' princes" dwelt
in them. There were the Perkins—the
Quincys—the Pratts—the Amorys—the
Dexters—and hosts of the "first,"—the
"richest,"—the "wisest,"—the "best." They
had splendid houses, rich equipages—the coach,
the nice gig,—the dainty rider's horse and
pony stood by their doors, and told the
story of the princely streets. But it was
found, or thought that this land might be
put to better use than for mere parade, fash-
ion and style. It was determined to devote
it to another deity, Trade. No sooner said
than done. Down came the palace, and
up went the store. Splendid garden build-
ings replaced the brick and red sandstone,
and "domestics," not living ones, but made
out of cotton and woolen, filled the places
of the old tenants. It was curious to see
to see what splendid accommodations had
the "goods," and how narrow and dark
were the little boxes called "counting
rooms," which the owners of so much wealth
contented themselves with.

Trade was thus at once victorious over
fashion, and it ever will be. Summer street
was invaded. It must fall soon before the
enemy. Its outposts are carried. Stores,
splendid and not, command its two ex-
tremes, and soon the Pratts, the Rigolows,
the Robbinses, the Tappans, the Putnams,
and all others must fly. Civilization still
sets westward, and Washington street must
soon be crossed. Trade has ever been in-
vincible. When Bonaparte called Eng-
land a "nation of shopkeepers," he sealed
his own doom, for he had insulted and de-
fied Trade. It was not the Russian wan-
ders—it was not ice, and snow, and terrible
cold which destroyed Napoleon. O, no it
was the great shopkeeper Arthur,—yes, it
was Wellington and Co., who made him
an exile, and made for him his untimely
grave. So is it with old Boston. Trade
has seized upon its vitals, and conquers
wherever it shows itself. Not content with
secular accommodations it finds its home
beneath the church, and there "stores its
goods." Some people say, it has its seat
in the church pew.

People see all this, and are making pre-
paration for the result. Hundreds and
thousands of acres of new land are in pro-
gress east of Harrison, and west of Charles
streets. The empty basin is to be filled
up, and covered with palaces. The Brook-
line hills are to be brought into Boston.—
Trade is doing all this in the idle hope that
it may find rest. And who is making this
land? The very immigrant who is this

day living in the very palaces which the
prices once inhabited, and all namely
which have not been turned into stores and
shops, and who by their hard work and
good minds are making themselves owners
of somewhat of that which they created for
others.

But the power of trade does not explain
the whole change which has come upon
old Boston. The immigrant is your best
tenant. How? Mr. A. owns a house on
Fort Hill, or Pearl street, or Sturgis Place.
He has lived on Fort Hill, he and his fam-
ily, for years. He gave \$1 33 a foot for
land there when Beacon street sold its lots
at 25 or 30 cents a foot. The immigrant
and Trade have driven him from the beau-
tiful square,—its lofty trees, and the be-
nevolent walks,—from the fine sea view, and
the pure air. He has let his house to B., a
middleman, for \$1200 a year. He has
filled its rooms with emigrants, and gets
\$18,000 a year. Now when A. lived in his
house its rent would have been large at
\$600. Outrageous you explain, to fleece
the poor emigrant so. Not so fast, neigh-
bor. There is no fleecing at all. The emi-
grant gets his money's worth. He gives a
dollar and fifty or seventy-five cents a
week for a parlor, with mahogany doors,
marble chimney pieces, plated knobs, han-
some stucco, &c. &c., with bed room ad-
joining—for a dollar and twenty-five for one
room—with good water, air, &c., to boot.
He lives in a fine house, and may write
himself a gentleman. I asked an emigrant
family of two, and another expected, what
was the rent of his first floor room with
dining room attached. "A dollar and fifty
cents a week," was the answer. Don't
talk about the extravagant rent of the emi-
grant. Why, at home he lived in a wretch-
ed shanty, with no room in it, and thought
no rent too high for the accommodation.

With us the owner is well paid for ex-
changing palaces. The middleman makes
great profit, and the tenant gets excellent
accommodations for a very small outlay.
A day's wages will pay a week's rent. An
excellent feature in this arrangement is, it
allows no credit. The rent is in advance.
The middleman pays a month in advance;
the tenant a week. If failure occurs, he
that fails must give up the ship at once.
The thing is perfectly understood, and the
rent always ready.

But civilization is westward. Trade,
fashion, and wealth, all follow the great
lead. You must do something more and
else than cross Washington street now.
The word is *trans Tyberim*, and into the
country you must. The "iron horse" is at
the door, and almost every door, and he is
bad at standing or at withstanding. It is
curious to note the changes the country has
undergone. The old orchard which used
to return a little more than a barrel of very
poor apples the acre is now a fortune. The
Canada thistles have given place to the
cottage ornate. They used to sell land by
the acre for fifty or a hundred dollars an
acre, five miles out of town. Now the land is
worth and sold for a thousand, nay, two
thousand dollars the acre. Now the rural
economy nomenclature has entirely dropped
the word acre, and land is only sold by the
foot. Said a friend but yesterday, and he
lives in one of multitudinous Newton's,
they sell land here by the inch. We shall
soon drop the word country. Comfort will
go next, and the Police man will sport his
badge over mountain and through valley—in
the green wood and the sweet smelling
shrubbery.

What is to be done? A transition state
is not favorable for institutions, and men,
and women too, in such a state, will do
much as they list. Keep the schoolmaster
abroad. Give to mind and to heart true
culture. Be glad that men are getting bet-
ter dwelling places, for better manners
will come of them. Never be afraid of
human progress, or of individual elevation.

Always bear in mind that the emigrant
brings with him a human mind and a hu-
man heart, and rejoice in the best develop-
ment of both. The car is on the rail, and
it is odds if it keep not the track. If we
do not choose to get in, we shall hardly
keep others out, and they who ride will
surely win.